

THIS IS OUR SUPPLEMENT NUMBER.
OUR DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN TOM KING AND JEM MACE PRESENTED WITH THIS ISSUE.

THE NATION'S
POLICE GAZETTE
THE SUPPLEMENT NUMBER.
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

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ANNIE SUITS'S LITTLE WHIP.
SHE USES IT ON AN OFFENSIVE DUDE IN PETERS'S CONCERT HALL, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

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OUR "SUPPLEMENT EDITION."

Newsdealers throughout the world should bear in mind the fact that with this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE we present our annual supplement depicting Tom King and Jem Mace in the ring, surrounded by nearly every old-time sporting man of the day—Nov. 25, 1892. The portraits are life-like, and the engraving will be well worthy of a place in every sport patron's gallery of art. Our readers should take particular pains to see that the engraving is served them with this issue free of extra charge. In addition we present all the recent happenings of the day, including the stories and delineations of the arrival of Oarsman O'Connor in America and the Dixon-Murphy contest in the Gladstone Club, Providence, R. I.

We also desire to call the attention of the advertising public to the pages devoted to their use. A perusal of these pages will, no doubt, impress upon their minds the advisability of placing their "ads" where they will do the most good. Excellence in journalism is always appreciated, and enterprising business men know where to give their prospective customers the straight tip as to where the cheapest and, at the same time, the best goods can be obtained.

THE DIXON-MURPHY CONTEST.

There were those who thought that Johnny Murphy could easily defeat George Dixon. There were others who were willing and anxious to wager that Murphy was no match for the little black man. These latter betted advisedly and went home with their pockets lined with pecuniary substantiality.

Dixon and Murphy met in the Gladstone Club in Providence, R. I., on Oct. 23, and there did battle for honors and stakes.

Dixon, the colored pugilist, did about as he pleased with Murphy and, although the latter was vanquished, he was game to the end, and convinced the spectators that he was no mean foe, and that he was able to keep his end up with any of the feather-weight pugilists extant.

Forty rounds were fought, and when time was finally called youngster Murphy, although compelled to admit that he was beaten, came to the front like a solid man and announced his desire to meet the black as soon as the latter again chose to contend against him.

It will be a lively match when next they meet, as honors are exceedingly easy, and as it is a toss up as to who will have the ultimate advantage.

MASKS AND FACES

Du Crow on Clowns—Lackaye as Nero—Haworth in Comedy.

BARRY AND DUNLEVY.

Tell-Tale Talk—Jim Sullivan's Rhyme—Sheridan and Flynn.

AMBERG VERSUS DALY.

I went down to one of our big docks the other day to say good-by to Tote Du Crow, clown, acrobat and dancer, just as he was about sailing for Cuba. A motley concourse of polyglot agents and artists were assembled. Most of the performers were engaged for Pubillon's Circus in Havana.



"CLOWNS ARE SCARCE!"

There was Tote Du Crow, the pet clown, known as "El Totito," dark, smiling and supple. There was Nattalio Lowande, the agent, affable, excitable and officious.

The Zola family, three in number, were there, and the Melrose Brothers, acrobats, and the Mazzarellas, the high kickers, and George Bliss and Charley Herbert, general performers.

It was a quiet gathering on that ill-smelling dock. Just before the ship Mendez Nunez sailed, I took the opportunity of interviewing Tote Du Crow about clowns and clowning. He rolled and lit a cigarette, sat on a trunk and told me all he knew on the subject in his deliberate way.

"Clowns, speaking clowns, are rare nowadays," said Du Crow. "They command from \$100 to \$200 a week. There are no more schools for clowns. There are too many candy butchers who call themselves clowns. Clowns' suits range from \$30 to \$50 in price, but I have one that cost \$100. The wigs are expensive. We cover our faces with a mixture of glycerine and blamuth. Some use cooked lard and beeswax or almond oil. Jos. Hayden is the pet clown of England. Dick Bell is popular in Mexico. Tony Grice has the call in Spain. Frank Brown has right of way in South America. Alexander Zanfretti is the best legitimate all-round clown in the United States. Tommy Dare excels on the horizontal bar. Billy Burke is great at knockabout business. Jerry Blossom, who now acts under the name of Allen, was for a long time the favorite clown of India.

"Geo. H. Adams is a good specimen of the Humpty-Dumpty, the pantomime clown nowadays. But I see they're getting ready to haul up the gang plank. I must say good-bye."

And Tote Du Crow shook hands and vanished into the ship.

Dunlevy of the New Park Theatre tells a poker story about Billy Barry, of Barry and Fay, that you may not have heard. Barry has a strong predilection for the charms of the jack pot and very often it gets him into tight quarters financially. On such occasions he resorts to his manager for an advance on his profits. He came to Dunlevy one day with a long statement that he had invested \$1200 the evening before in an ace full, but that there happened to be four kings against him, and would Mr. Dunlevy kindly advance the money until Saturday. "I'll never play again," said Barry. "see, I've got both hands up!" and he showed the palms of his hands above his head. On the strength of such a solemn affidavit as that Dunlevy let Barry have the money. Next week Barry came around with another long face and \$600 to the bad. "S'help me, I'll never play poker again, Dun, if you fix me this time. See, I've got both hands up." "Well, you put both hands up before," said Dunlevy. Then Billy Barry called in Hugh Fay and munch to his astonishment, got him to put up his hands, too. "See, Dun," said Barry, "here's four hands up, mine and my partner's. There's a double affidavit for ye." Dunlevy wilted. Of course Barry got the money.

I went down to Niblo's the other night to see Wilton Lackaye as Nero in the spectacular melodrama of that

name, produced by Locke and Davis, and staged by Max Freeman. The basis of the plot is the love of Nero for the beautiful Acte, and the schemes of Agrippina, the empress's mother, and Sabina, the bride, to frustrate their love. There is the warm, amorous scene, the melodramatic parting, the despair of the emperor, the sacking and burning of the city, the death of the tyrant. Of course there are dances, marches, pageants, leop-

parda, lions, in "Nero," amid the pageantry and glare of warlike peace. Wilton Lackaye was majestic, magnetic and magnificent as Nero, every inch the lover, poet and imperator, whom history has faintly limned for us. Carrie Turner, as Acte, was sympathetic, sweet-voiced and artistic.

Alice Fisher was sufficiently virago-like as the imperial mother, and Blanche Weaver was rather fluffy as the jealous bride.

Henrietta Lander hustled on in a red gown, and tried to do and be something that I haven't as yet quite found out, and hustled off again.

The lions didn't show up on the first night. They were detained at Quarantine and their luggage was delayed at the Custom House.

The lines of the libretto of "Nero" sounded as though they had been manufactured by Max Freeman, they were so redolent of the land of sauerkraut, limburger and frankfurter.

M'lie Gillert, who has grown inordinately fat, did a graceful ballet dance.

Signorina Rosita made a hit in her Spanish dance and got an encore. I think she is better than Carmencita or Otero, the much puffed divas of the town. The supes and coryphees, slaves and so forth were well trained.

I noticed that massive Josie Williams, a laurel wreath in her hand, smiled skeptically as she saw some of the alleged nobles of Rome pass her by in triumphal march.

As I was breaking away from "Nero" at Niblo's, I met Louis Massen and Marie Burroughs in the lobby and I congratulated them heartily on having escaped the pleasure of Mr. Max Freeman's company.

Josie Satterlee and Nina Hayward of the late "Pair

of Jacks" company are in town. They tell some bitter stories at the expense of R. G. Knowles, admirer of Winifred Johnson's banjo, and stage manager. "Knowles owes me a lot of money," said Hayward. "One day out West he slipped and fell on the stage. I had to laugh. He got mad and fined me \$5. I laughed some more. He fined me another \$5. 'Make it twenty,' said I cheekily. 'Make it fifty while you're about it, you owe me \$300 salary. I can afford to let you deduct.'"

Jim Sullivan, the handsome young comedian, has written a song called "McDowd's Initiation" and

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Then he was told he must be weighed, And he was satisfied. Then they put him on Tim Dolan's back, And then his feet were tied. When he was in position, With barrel staves and sticks They welched him till they were tired— He was in an awful fix— The way he yelled and screamed that night Was heard all over town. And for six or seven weeks from that McDowd could not sit down.

CHORUS They smashed him and they lashed him, They tore up all his clothes, Then they tarred and feathered him, And washed him with a hose; They made him drink tobacco sauce, They made him smoke a lamp. They pulled his ears and punched his nose, And gave his face a cramp.

Sheridan and Flynn, clean and clever comedians, played at Miner's Bowery Theatre last week. Their extravaganza, "Maloney," caught on, but they're worthy of something better. I think Sheridan and Flynn are about ready for farce comedy. They've good people around them as a company. George and Marie Nelson are favorites. Carr and Tourjee, the musical team, "Ah, there, Professor!" were good. Minnie Lee received an encore for her ballads.



A LIVE LION.

Louise Dempsey had some new songs. Jim Hoey did his well-worn monologue. The other night I dropped over to the Grand Opera House to see Jos. Haworth do comedy in "Aunt Jack," and Ffoliot Paget do the part played by Agnes Booth.

Haworth once upon a time was a failure as a comic opera singer, you know. He now promises to be a failure as a comedian. Haworth certainly can't replace Holland. He is theatric, studied, dry and self-conscious. In classic or romantic costume parts, Haworth is all right. In the jester's motley or modern evening dress Haworth is painfully all wrong. I'm afraid Haworth thinks he's versatile. But he is not. He's Haworth, and that's all. He would have made a great preacher. Ffoliot Paget can't play "Aunt Jack," and besides she makes up too much.

That part would suit Mary Shaw to the ground. Lewis Baker was capital as a ducal lord. Amberg and Daly have had a row, and it is all about "Die Wilde Jagd," a play which Amberg has produced at his theatre and of which Daly claims he has the sole right to produce in this country.

In view of the fact that Daly often gets his best ideas from Amberg's players, the consensus of public opinion, as far as I've been able to gather it, is in favor of Amberg.

Daly is a great master of the translation, adaptation and mutilation of plays.

At any rate Amberg got ahead, this time, of Daly in the matter of production. The play "Die Wilde Jagd" caught on at his popular and well-conducted theatre.

If later in the season Daly will produce it at his up-town tinsel and gingerbread box, and will tack his name on it as author, that remains to be seen.

In the meanwhile Die Bande spelt "Annie Laurie," and "Runter ging McGinty." LEW ROSEN.

ANNIE SUITS'S LITTLE WHIP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Annie Suits, a petite actress and singer, recently cowbirded a dude in Peter's Concert Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, for insulting her. The dude, who was sitting in the front row near the stage, began to "cluck" at her in a most offensive manner. The actress retired to the greenroom and procuring a whip started through the audience toward her insulter who was soundly whaled before he could make his escape.

KATIE HART.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We reproduce this week on our dramatic page the fair face of Katie Hart, recently deceased. Miss Hart was known as a bright and winsome soubrette with "Natural Gas" and "Kindergarten," and had been married only a few months ago to Jack McAuliffe.

THE GRACEFUL DANSEUSE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The danseuse, Otero, in all her fascinating witchery, smiles on our readers on another page of our widely circulated paper this week. Otero is now the rival of Carmencita for the terzetto-honors of New York.

MAROLD HARTSELL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Marold Hartsell, whose face and form are reproduced on another page, is now a prominent member of Mar'aret Mather's company. Mr. Hartsell has a promising future.

AN ELEGANT CABINET PHOTOGRAPH OF RIEVEL JOHNSTONE, in costume, who is now creating a furor in "The Clemencean Case." Sent to any address on receipt of price, 10 cents. RICHARD K. FOX Franklin Square, New York City.



JOS AND JACK.

Charley Reed has promised to sing it. Here's a verse and the chorus as a sample:

The second degree was ready, And they got McDowd to rights. They made him take off all his clothes, They dressed him up in rights.

THEY ARE SWEET!

Just See What They Did
During the Past
Week.

A GIDDY WIFE FOR SALE.

A North Carolina Betrayer and His Brother Shot.

STABBED BY A MISTRESS.

Lillie Booth's Crime and Assas- sination.

A SEMINARY RUMPUS.

The funniest institution in the world, except the frog, is a woman. She is like the Irishman's flea in that when you put your finger on her she is in another county. A good woman is like quail on toast, or a fat oyster, or, egad! like the

little girl,
Who had a little curl
Right on top of her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

That's the kind of a hairpin Mrs. Marchel was.

WILLING TO SELL HIS WIFE.

Wives come high, but we must have 'em. That's what Stephen Muskor, a giddy Pennsylvanian, appears to think.

Stephen and Mrs. John Marchel, of Forest City, have for some time past been casting sheep's eyes on each other, and one day recently they scooted the town. Stephen is a brawny youth and pleased Mrs. Marchel more than did her old man, and they determined to hitch to each other. They proceeded to Susquehanna on their surreptitious, clandestine, *sub rosa* wedding tour and there Marchel sought them out. Then they decided to dicker for the affections of the fair and kitenish Mrs. M. The price agreed upon was \$115.

Before the money was paid Muskor and Mrs. Marchel disappeared. Marchel found them in Scranton and had them arrested. Marchel was willing to drop the proceedings if Muskor would pay up, but Alder-



A WIFE FOR SALE.

man Post, before whom the case was heard, would not permit this, and sent Muskor and Mrs. Marchel to prison in default of bail.

SHE SHOT HER LOVER.

The intimacy between Miss Lillie Booth, the beautiful daughter of a wealthy man, and Daniel G. Price, the son of a leading family, had a tragical ending in Quincy, Ill., recently. The two had been intimate, but their intimacy was not sanctioned by marriage. Price, it is said, refused to marry the young lady whom he had brought to shame. He and his younger brother, Seymour, were walking down Sixth street, when Miss Booth appeared. Young Price was afraid of her, she had threatened to kill him, but not wishing to die by any cowardice before a woman he walked straight ahead.

Miss Booth crossed the street and walking up behind Price, who pretended not to have seen her, placed the muzzle of a large navy revolver at his back and fired, the bullet tearing its way easily through his body. The wounded man staggered, but, covering, ran into a cigar store, while his brother Seymour, who was rapped with the infuriated young woman, who was rapped with it to fire again.

Daniel Price, who remained in the cigar store moment, came running out and as the young lady was being held by his brother fired point blank at her, the bullet entering her breast and passing into the lung. Price then fell to the sidewalk and died within half an hour.

A large crowd had gathered, and as Price's body was

borne to the Morgue Miss Booth was removed to the hospital. It is hardly possible for her to recover. It was simply the old story. Miss Booth was inclined to be somewhat romantic, while Price was handsome and well educated, besides being possessed of all the money he desired. Both moved in the best society, and as Price paid a good deal of attention to her it was understood they were soon to marry. Then young



LILLIE SHOTS HER FAITHLESS LOVER.

Price suddenly went to Kansas, settling at Salina, and the cause of his departure soon became apparent, for Miss Booth became a mother without first being a wife.

As soon as the young lady could travel she went to Salina, but Price refused to marry her. Then she sued him in the courts, but got nothing. She then determined upon revenge. Price, to escape her, returned



KILLED BY HER HUSBAND'S MISTRESS.

to Quincy, and she followed him. They did not meet until recently, when the young lady took prompt action.

Miss Booth has been nearly crazed by her misfortunes, and her friends insist she has not been in her right mind for some months past.

Before dying Price said he was innocent. Quincy society is greatly stirred up about the tragedy. It is said that Price was the only young man from whom Miss Booth had received any attention.

AN INDIANAPOLIS SCANDAL.

Society is agog in Indianapolis, Ind., over the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. A. Frederick Sode have separated, and that the wife has filed suit for divorce. They were married only last June, and the lady was very popular in Indianapolis society. Her maiden name was Anderson and she was conceded to be one of the handsomest, brightest and most attractive in a large circle of local society ladies.

Miss Anderson received the attention of James G. Douglass, a wealthy citizen many years her senior, about three years ago, and, to the great surprise of the friends of both, they were privately married. Douglass's family refused to recognize the young wife, but society opened its arms to her, and her newly acquired riches enabled her soon to become a greater favorite than ever.

In less than a year after her marriage Douglass dropped dead at English's Opera House while he and his wife were watching a play. The young widow discovered soon afterwards that her husband had deeded all of his property to relatives before their marriage, and suit is now pending to set aside these deeds and allow the widow her share of the estate.

In June last the handsome young widow and Mr. Sode were married. The groom came from New York, and was reported to be very wealthy. The couple went to housekeeping in a fashionable quarter of the city, and have maintained a style indicating large means.

Sode was taken suddenly ill three weeks ago, and for several hours was supposed to be fatally sick. The next day he was removed to the Bates House, and upon partial recovery he left the city, saying that he would never return.

It now develops that on the day of his removal to the Bates Mrs. Sode filed suit for divorce, but the fact kept from the public by her attorney's taking

POL. 1 pound, 50 cents; 2 pounds, 50 cents; 3 pounds, 45 cents; 4 pounds, 40 cents; 5 pounds, 35 cents; 6 pounds, 30 cents; 7 pounds, 25 cents; 8 pounds, 20 cents; 9 pounds, 15 cents; 10 pounds, 10 cents. Send all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

the papers from the Court House. Judge Claypool drew the complaint, and when seen acknowledged that he had taken the papers away to prevent the newspapers from getting them. He said that the complaint charges general cruelty against Sode, but he would not enter into particulars.

What caused Sode's sudden illness and why he left his house and took rooms at a hotel before he recovered are questions that are being asked on every side, but which no one can answer, as neither he nor his wife appears to have made any confidants.

STABBED BY HER HUSBAND'S MISTRESS.

Mrs. John Barber, of Lima, O., was recently the victim of a crime for which her slayer may suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

For a long time Mrs. Barber had suspected that her husband was not true to her, and the fact was forcibly impressed upon her mind when he left home and located in Ransom, Mich., with a paramour.

Mrs. Barber determined that the guilty ones should not continue their illicit intercourse, and she followed them to Ransom in order to prevail upon her husband to return to his home. This idea was put into practice partially because of the fact that when Barber left he forgot to take his six children with him, and partially because Mrs. Barber had still in her heart lingering love for her husband.

When Mrs. Barber reached Ransom she immediately repaired to the house where the two were sojourning. She implored her husband to return home with her. He wavered between right and wrong. The woman interfered and a quarrel ensued. Then Barber's mistress drew a knife and plunged it to the handle in Mrs. Barber's bosom.

The murderess was immediately arrested, and those who sympathize with the injured wife threaten to lynch her.

AVENGED HIS WIFE'S HONOR.

Alleghany County, N. C., society is in a high state of excitement over a recent murder and duel.

John Dixon, a prosperous young farmer, discovered that an intimate relation was existing between his young wife and Marshall Halsey, almost a stranger in



the county. Dixon a few days ago told Halsey of his suspicions, and warned him that if he did not cease calling at his home while he was away he would certainly kill him. Dixon was away from home on the day in question, and on his return he saw his wife leaving the house. She did not see him, but he got his rifle and followed her at a distance. She went into some woods near by and her husband watched her. Halsey came up and Dixon soon had his suspicions confirmed. Then he crept slowly through the thick woods until he was near enough to fire, and taking aim, he pulled the trigger. The ball took effect in Halsey's temple and he fell dead by the side of his slayer's unfaithful wife. Dixon then told his wife that he intended to kill her also, but her piteous pleadings caused him to desist. He contented himself by



DIXON SHOTS HALSEY.

pummeling her with his fist, and declared that they would separate by Halsey's dead body, never to meet again. They parted, each going in a different direction.

Soon news of the tragedy spread over the neighbor-

hood, and the excitement grew intense. Everybody, however, justified Dixon, and swore that they would pull down the county jail and free him if he should be arrested. Late in the evening Charles Halsey, an elder brother of the dead man, hunted Dixon down, and found him at the house of a friend. Halsey pulled out a large revolver to shoot Dixon, but other persons interfered, saying that if he wanted to fight he would have to fight fair and give Dixon a chance. Ten paces were quickly stepped off and the two men put in position with their weapons in their hands.

"Are you ready?" rang out a shrill voice, and the duellists stood like statues.

Then "One-two-three-fire!" and the two men began to shoot.

Every chamber was emptied from their pistols. Dixon stood still and watched Halsey, who began to stagger, and in a few seconds fell to the ground and was dead. Dixon was not touched. Four of his five balls took effect in Halsey's body. After the duel Dixon was escorted to the home of a friend. He has not yet been arrested, and the people of Alleghany county say no sheriff can take him. Heretofore he has been a peaceable man and well known throughout the county.

BROKE UP A SEMINARY.

The girls of Evelyn College, Princeton, N. J., are all broken up over the recent pilfering seizure of an inmate, and there couldn't possibly be more excite-



A CROOKED SERVANT.

ment if somebody had yelled "Bats!" in their mid-night dormitory.

One of the female professors of the college went out for a walk one day during the week, taking with her a Russia-leather pocketbook containing \$50. When she returned she changed her dress, but forgot about the money in her pocket. Some time afterward she went to get the pocketbook, but it was not there.

She came to the conclusion that she lost the money while out walking, and put an advertisement in a newspaper, offering a liberal reward to the person who should return the money and the pocketbook, which had this French inscription inside: "Magasin du Louvre to M. P. Evelyn College."

On the following morning the first clue to the mystery was found when Eliza McCarthy, a young woman employed in the college, gave Miss McIlvaine, the principal of the college, notice that she was going away. She wanted to go at once. Then Miss McIlvaine suspected that she had the money, and also some silverware which had disappeared. The young woman was told she could not go until she was searched.

She objected to being detained, declaring she knew nothing of the theft, but when she found her protestations were of no avail and that Policeman Snook was on hand, she confessed and gave up the money and silverware. Miss McIlvaine allowed her to depart with some friendly advice. She took the 9:08 morning train for New York.

This fable teaches that women should cling to the old style of wallet and place their coin nearest their dear little hearts. Then every fellow will endeavor to pass a civil service examination for a walletship.

TOMMY RATS.

TOO MUCH FREE-LOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Francis B. Freelove, of Fall River, Mass., was recently arraigned in court on a complaint made by his wife charging non-support. Some time ago his wife, who is a beautiful woman, became possessed of property that was held jointly between them. Shortly afterward a quarrel occurred, and it is alleged that Mrs. Freelove threw her husband out of doors and then threw his clothes from an attic window after him.

Mrs. Freelove took in boarders, one of whom was objectionable not only to the husband, but also to the neighbors. The husband took up his residence in his father's house, adjoining the one occupied by his wife, and paid little or no attention to the goings on in his wife's home. This angered Mrs. Freelove and led her to have divorce papers drawn up.

A LADY'S FIGHT FOR HONOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Ruth Palmer, of Kansas City, Mo., while traveling recently on a Pullman car of the Missouri Pacific road, and when near Pueblo was attacked in her berth by conductor Arnatt. The lady sprang from the berth and jumped into that of Deputy Sheriff Frank M. Oconbey, of La Veta, Col., who was aboard the train. Mrs. Palmer begged the sheriff to protect her from the conductor who she said had attempted to assault her. Arnatt was arrested in Horace, Kas., after he had been thrown from the train by Conductor of the train Branch.

A LYNCHING MAY FOLLOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

W. Slifer, Leslie Avery and John Carroll, each about 17 years of age, recently went to the home of Nathan Farlow, a farmer living at St. Omer, Ind., and finding Nora, a feeble-minded daughter of the farmer, alone attempted to rob her. Slifer was captured but the other two escaped.

MAGIC POCKET LAMP. SEND \$1.00 TO THIS OFFICE FOR the greatest wonder of the age. It opens and lights every time you press the button. Sent to any address, prepaid, upon receipt of price. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



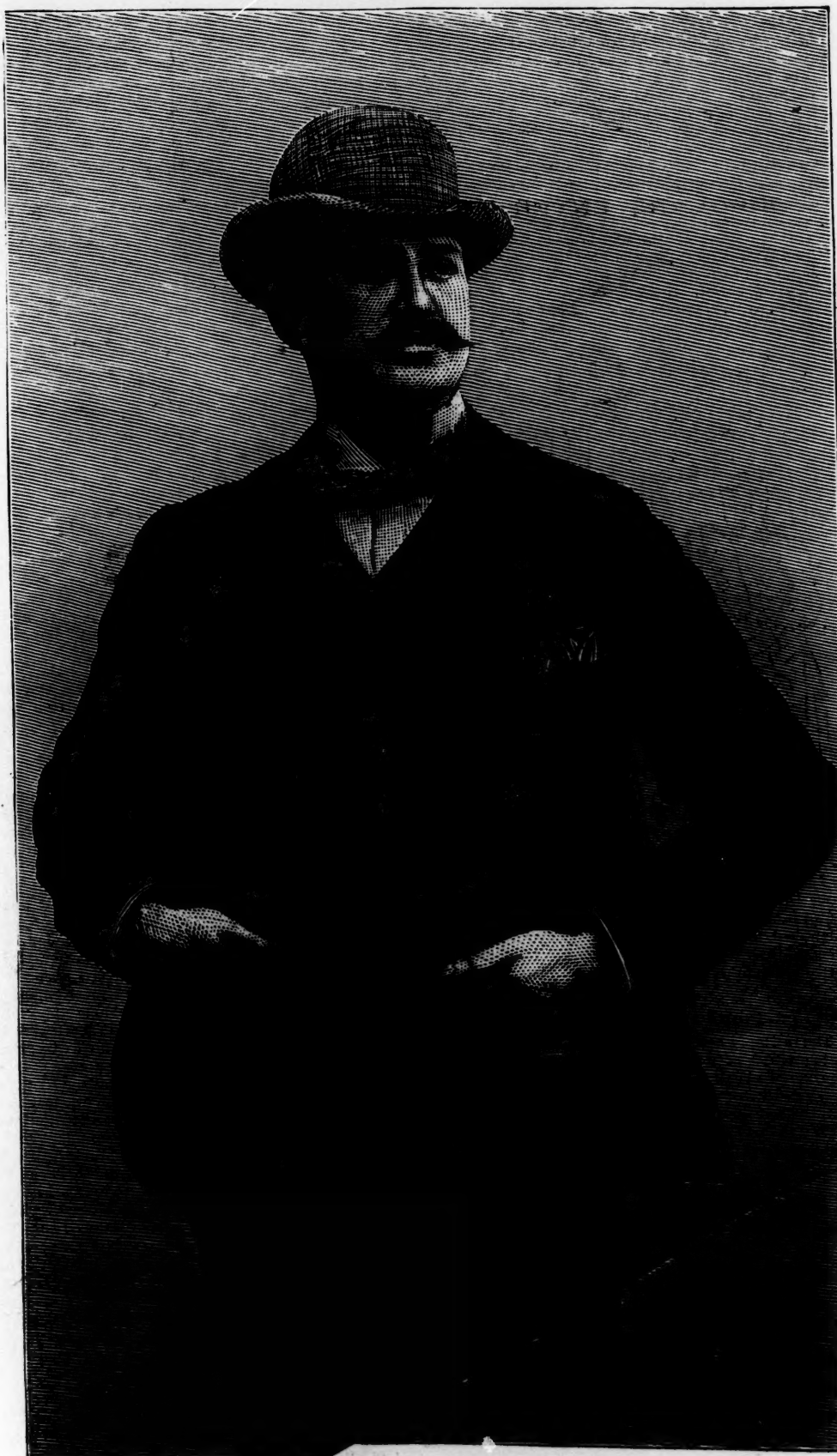
THE GRACEFUL DANSEUSE.
THE FAMOUS AND HANDSOME SPANISH OTERO, WHO NOW FASCINATES FASHION
AT THE EDEN MUSÉE, NEW YORK CITY.



KATIE HART,
THE BRIGHT AND WINSOME SOUBRETTE OF THE "NATURAL GAS" COMPANY, RE-
CENTLY DECEASED, WIFE OF JACK M'AUILLIFF.



JOHN HASTINGS WOOD.
THE POPULAR SPORT-LOVING EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN
"SPORTING GAZETTE," OF CAPE TOWN.



SOME HAROLD HARTSELL,
A DASHING AND-UPPER WITH MARGARET MATHER'S COMPANY.



KNIGHTS OF THE MASK.

BURGLARS ENTER THE RESIDENCE OF W. K. MERRIMAN, OF AKRON, OHIO, AND TIE UP THE FAMILY.



HIS TONGUE WAGGED.

SOPHIA BASSE AND ANNIE BLOOM. TWO ST. LOUIS GIRLS, DO UP LOUIS ANIMAS IN GRAND STYLE.

DIXON WINS THE FIGHT

The Black Downs Murphy in Forty Rounds.

A GAMEY BATTLE.

Providence, R. I., the Scene of the Contest.

MURPHY WANTS MORE.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

The battle between George Dixon, the colored feather-weight, of Boston, Mass., and Johnny Murphy, Jake Kilrain's protegee, also of the Hub, which has for some time past been a sporting topic among the thousands who are patrons of pugilism, was decided in the now famous Gladstone Athletic Club, of Providence, R. I., on Oct. 23. The pugilists fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, at 115 pounds for a purse of \$1,500, with small gloves. Both pugilists specially trained for the encounter, and were in the pink of condition, and after they had weighed in on Oct. 23, the friends of the respective men were confident that the battle would be an obstinate and protracted one, barring some accident or a knockout.



MURPHY "GETS IT IN THE NECK."

Sporting men from all parts of the country journeyed to witness the fight, and Providence was the Mecca of the travelers.

The exterior of the club room on the evening of the fight presented an animated appearance. A tremendous crowd was in the street trying to gain admittance by all kinds of means, and even those who had procured pasteboards, for which divers prices were paid, could not gain an entrance until they were pushed, jostled and finally had to struggle with the police.

The spectators who were fortunate enough to get in at all were packed like sardines, while outside a howling mob clamored for admittance. At 8 1/2 o'clock Murphy and his seconds were on hand, but Dixon did not show up.

One of the officers of the club then jumped into the ring and announced that Dixon would forfeit the fight if he didn't enter instantly. The referee did not back up the statement, however. Half an hour later Dixon reached the building, but the crowd was so great he could not enter. The police had to clear a passage for the colored lad. At 9 o'clock Murphy entered the ring and stripped for business. Dixon followed a minute later.

The men weighed in in Boston. Murphy weighed a good strong 114 pounds, but by inflating his lungs he made the scales balance. Dixon weighed a strong 113 pounds, but couldn't lift the 114-pound weight.

Among the sporting men present were Mike Kelly, the baseballist. With him were Dick Wakely, Phil Lynch, Jack McAniff, Louis Seamers, Ted Foley, Judge Newton, Frank Stevenson. All the afternoon trains from Boston brought crowds of men who were anxious to see the great contest. There were Capt. Cooke, Larry Killian, Jimmy Colville, Billy Mahoney, John J. Murphy, Mike Gleason, Dan Murphy, John Campbell, Horrie Sullivan, Jimmie Hurd, Charlie Daley, W. H. Miller, Mike Kelly, John J. Braham, Spencer Williams, Ned Holske, Geo. Wilman, Dr. Ordway and Ned McAvary.

Tom O'Rourke tossed for choice of corners, and, as usual, won. He chose the corner in which Patay Cardiff, Jack Williams and many others met defeat. "That's the unlucky corner," shouted some one in the crowd. "Never mind; we don't depend on luck." O'Rourke replied, smiling. Dixon weighed exactly 113 1/2 pounds at 4 o'clock, but a great porterhouse steak added at least a pound to his avoirdupois. He wore white trunks and was seconded by Tom O'Rourke and Howard Hodgkins. The white boy weighed 114 pounds and wore short knickerbockers of dark blue. His seconds were Johnny Powers and Danny Gill. The timekeepers were Jesse Brown for the club, Handsome Dan Murphy for his namesake, and Mike Bradley, of Boston, for Dixon.

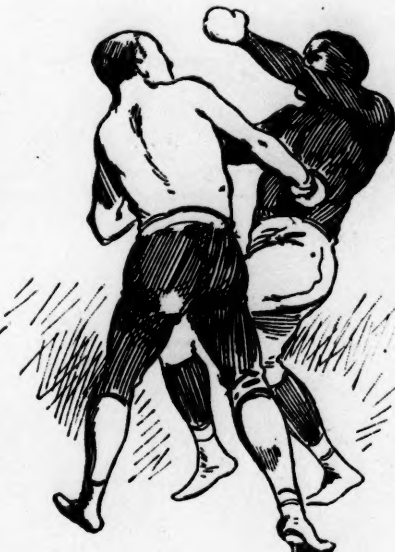
In the betting Dixon was the favorite, the odds being \$100 to \$80, and \$50 to \$40. Jimmy Colville disposed of \$200 in a short time, he taking the Dixon end. Murphy's friends backed him so heartily, however, that even bets were asked for before the men entered the ring.

The first round was a corker. The men sparred but a few seconds, and then they went at it hammer and tongs. Dixon did most of the leading, and invariably Murphy responded with short-arm blows. It was a savage round all through. Both punched hard, and Dixon had the best of it. Both were puffing hard when the round rang.

The second round was opened with a rush. Dixon led as usual, and then there was a rattling exchange of blows. When the men stepped back Murphy was bleeding freely from the nose, and the blood had been

besmeared over his face. Dixon didn't show any signs of punishment, barring a swelling of the left eye. First blood was allowed for Dixon.

Then they tried another rally, and Murphy came out of it a little groggy. The men were fighting at a terrible pace, which astonished everybody. Dixon landed a hard left on Murphy's jaw, and followed it up with hot ones on the face, jaw and ribs. Then he planted both fists squarely on the jaw.

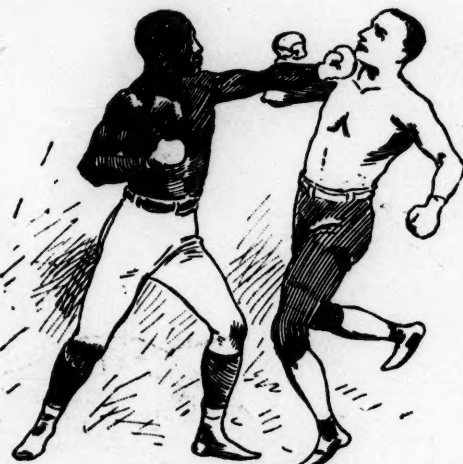


DIXON GETS A WINDER.

Another clinch followed and both men worked their arms like piston rods. Dixon rushed at Murphy like a young bull. Murphy dodged, caught Dixon on the hip and then floored him with a well-directed right-hander under the chin. Dixon jumped up and swung for Murphy's jaw, but he wasn't there. He tried it again in a second, and landed heavily.

ROUND 3—Dixon opened by landing both hands in Murphy's face, Murphy making a light return. Then Dixon planted his left heavily in Murphy's stomach, and at the same time caught him under the ear with his right. He led again and landed on the neck and made the white lad grunt with a savage right upper cut on the wind. Murphy rallied slightly and tapped Dixon twice on the jaw, but failed to connect with a swinging left. Dixon found Murphy's neck and face with four left-handers. Both were fighting hard when time was called.

ROUND 4—Both men led and missed. Then Dixon caught Murphy full in the face with a swinging left. It was a hard blow. A few seconds later Dixon chased his man around the ring, caught him with his left on his neck, and then swung a vicious right upper cut, taking Johnny squarely on the chin. Then followed a clinch and a perfect hurricane of short arm blows ending the round.



A BIFF ON THE CHIN.

ROUND 5—Dixon led off with a light left-hander, and some hot infighting followed, Dixon having the best of it. Dixon followed up his advantage by landing a terrific left-hander on the stomach. He tried it again, but missed, Murphy landing lightly with his left. The crowd noticed that Murphy had no strength and his defeat seemed a foregone conclusion. A clinch with infighting followed, and Murphy went to his corner bleeding from three or four cuts.

ROUND 6—Murphy got in a light left on the wind, dodged a savage swing, and planted a straight left on Dixon's jaw. Again they exchanged left-handers, but Dixon's was like a pile-driver, while Murphy's wouldn't have killed a fly. Then Murphy feinted with his left and landed a straight right-hander on Dixon's wind. This was Murphy's best round, but he made a lamentably weak showing.



MURPHY PLAYED OUT.

ROUND 7—Murphy missed one swing, then feinted with his left and cracked Dixon in the ribs with his right. Dixon quickly paid him back. Both led, and

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Murphy landed lightly on the jaw. Dixon got in two heavy left-handers on Murphy's neck before time was called.

ROUND 8—Dixon forced the fighting, and landed right and left. He got in some terrific punches on Murphy's stomach, and the latter made but one return, a weak one. Dixon had it all his own way.

ROUND 9—Dixon went in to finish Murphy, but he didn't succeed. He rained blow after blow on the white lad's face, jaw, neck and stomach. Murphy was very weak, but he didn't fall. He took some awful punishment, but didn't once show the white feather. He was almost gone when time was called.

ROUND 10—Murphy came up fresher than was expected. Dixon went at him like a tiger, but Murphy took his gruel without a murmur.

After 2 hours and 38 minutes of hammer and tongs fighting Dixon knocked his man out. It was all one-sided from the first. Dixon had everything his own way. Murphy's hard luck followed him in this battle, as in his last with Cal McCarthy, but he showed more pluck and endurance than is generally seen in the ring. He broke the thumb of his left hand in the very first round, and was practically helpless throughout the fight. He stood up for 40 rounds and allowed Dixon to make a chopping block of him without wincing. The last four rounds were sickening. Murphy's left ear was almost torn from his head, and the blood ran in streams over his body. In the fortieth round his body looked as though it had been flayed. He didn't drop, but he was staggering against the



DIXON CONGRATULATED.

ropes when one of his seconds mercifully threw up the sponge.

Dixon won the fight with scarcely a scratch. His left eye was swollen a little, but he didn't look as though he had been through a 40-round fight.

George Dixon was born at Halifax, N. S., on July 29, 1861. He is 5 feet 3 inches in height. Tom O'Rourke, his present manager and backer, took the dusky pugilist in tow about three years ago and started him on his career as a professional fighter. Dixon fought his first battle on Sept. 21, 1887, defeating young Johnson in three rounds. Mack was the next victim. He lasted five rounds. Early in 1888, Charles Parton, of England, was glad to stop after the sixth round, and a few weeks later Barney Finnegan was whipped in seven rounds. Paddy Kelly was encouraged by a host of supporters when he ran up against Dixon, who was almost alone in the hall. He, however, knocked out Kelly in the fifteenth round. Dixon's next fight was with Thomas Doherty for the 105-pound championship of the world. The battle resulted in a draw after ten rounds had been fought. After whipping Jimmie Brackett in short order Dixon fought three drawn battles with Hank Brennan. Dixon's friends claim he was robbed of victory each time. Billy James, an Englishman, was beaten in three rounds by George, in May, 1889. In October of the same year Dixon and Brennan met for the fourth time in a 27-round draw. Last year he defeated Eugene Hornbacher in the second round. On Feb. 7, 1890, Dixon fought a 70-round battle with Cal McCarthy, at Boston. It resulted in a draw. In the Pelican Club, London, June 27, 1890, Dixon met and defeated Nunc Wallace for the bantam championship of the world and a purse of £500.

Johnny Murphy first sought fame and fortune in the ring seven years ago, when he was twenty years old. His first fight was with Tom Crowley, whom he defeated in two rounds. Jack Williams, a clever bantam, was next matched against Murphy, but he stopped after enduring the little Bostonian's rushes for seven rounds. Jake Kilrain saw this fight, and picked Murphy out as a world-beater in his class. They became fast friends and went to Baltimore together. In the Monumental City Murphy defeated Bill Young in six rounds. Then he fought a drawn battle of seventeen rounds with Ike Weir.

Murphy has been the boxing instructor at the Harvard University for some years, and is liked by both the Faculty and students. On April 26 of last year Murphy fought Cal McCarthy in Boston. The contest was spirited, and up to the time Murphy broke his arm in the fourth round he had a decided advantage over his opponent. He was forced to withdraw, and McCarthy was declared the winner.

PRINCE REGENT'S PEDIGREE.

Prince Regent, the great five-year-old by Mambrino King, dam Estabella by Alcantara, who beat Pamlico so easily at Buffalo in straight heats, 2:16 1/4, 2:16 1/4, 2:18, is claimed to be a trotting bred trotter of "purest ray serene." We doubt if there are many trotters on the turf who have more crosses of thoroughbred blood than Prince Regent. Parties who claim that he is a pure bred trotter either do so from ignorance or with the intention to deceive. Mambrino King, sire of Prince Regent, was by Mambrino Patchen, first dam by Edwin Forrest; second dam by Birmingham, thoroughbred; third dam by Bertrand, thoroughbred; fourth dam by Sumpter, thoroughbred; fifth dam by imp. Buzzard. The dam of Mambrino Patchen, sire of Mambrino King, was by Gano, a thoroughbred, and look into the breeding of the dam Estabella by Mambrino (son of George Wilkes, dam Alma by Australian, brino Patchen, granddam Estella by thoroughbred running back to sixteen add-y George Wilkes; crosses); second dam An-ambribo Chief; fourth third dam Jessie Pepper.

dam by Sidi Hamlet, thoroughbred; fifth dam by imp. Diomed. If there is not more thoroughbred blood in Prince Regent than any other known or traceable blood then we concede to the grossest ignorance.

CAREY BREAKS THE RECORD.

The annual fall handicap meeting of the Princeton University Athletic Association was held on Oct. 18 at Princeton, N. J., and was remarkable for the fast time made in the 100 and 200-yard dashes by Luther Carey, of the class of '03. Four experienced timers gave him 9 1/4 seconds as a record for 100 yards, which breaks the world's record, made by John Owen, Jr., of Detroit, in Washington, and 22 seconds for 220 yards on a curved track, equalling the American record for the same distance straightaway. The timers—Dr. Bergin, V. B. Gulick and Mr. Charles White, of Princeton—have made affidavit that all the watches gave the same time, 9 1/4 seconds, and that it is correct.

Starter Goldie and others, who stood near him, have sworn that Carey did not beat the pistol, and Measurers Professor H. H. Smith, of the Surveying Department; W. C. Bryan, J. P. Parker and Mr. Massena that the track is full length.

Levelers re-examined the track and found it 2-63 feet up grade.

COLD LEAD FOR COLD LOVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Florence Tyler, of Butler, Ill., and Eugene E. Mease were formerly lovers. But true love never did run smooth, so the two "fell out."

After giving Florence the go by, Mease made love to a Miss Raymond and finally married her. A few evenings ago Miss Tyler went to the house where the new made couple were sipping the delicacies of their honeymoon and confronted the husband with, "I want my ring and photograph, Eugene Mease." The package was immediately delivered, but as Miss Tyler was leaving the house she suddenly turned, and placing a revolver at Eugene's faithless breast fired. Fortunately by a sudden movement sideways he received the bullet in his shoulder. Mease fell to the floor and the bride fainted away. A policeman heard the shot, and, entering, arrested Miss Tyler.

KNIGHTS OF THE MASK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The citizens of Akron, Ohio, have suffered greatly at the hands of a daring band of footpads, who have been burglarizing the town for many days past. Between the hours of 1 and 2 a.m. a few mornings ago, Mrs. Merriman, who resides with her son, W. K. Merriman, on North Main street, was awakened by the flash of dark lanterns in her room. She awoke to find four masked men, who quickly bound her with a rope. They then went to the servant's room where a similar scene was enacted, and Mr. Merriman's room was forced into by the quartette, who broke the door from its hinges. Merriman was dragged from bed and compelled to open the safe, from which the men took about \$2,000. Merriman was then tied to his bedpost by the robbers, who made their escape in a wagon.

GAY AND GIDDY GAMBLERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Lexington, Mo., is without doubt a highly moral town. By the church-going citizens card-playing is considered the first step toward what is often referred to as the "wicked place." A few days ago Judge John F. Ryland, in making his charge to the Grand Jury, ordered them especially to investigate reports that games of cards for money known as progressive euchre and high five were indulged in at private residences. He ordered the Grand Jury to return indictments against all card-players, no matter how high in social position they might be. He also told them not to discriminate in regard to sex, and declared he wanted the breaking of the law stopped.

JOHN HASTINGS WOOD.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

John Hastings Wood, editor and proprietor of the South African Sporting Gazette, published at Cape Town, was born in Dumfries, Scotland, in 1848. For many years he acted as coursing, racing and agricultural correspondent for several of the leading English and Scottish newspapers. Some years ago he owned a pack of greyhounds, one of which was the celebrated "Harry Bassett," the best longtail that was ever slipped to hare. Mr. Wood won the quail championship in Birmingham two years in succession, playing a 14 lb quots at 19 yards for £100 against Turner, who held the championship. Besides being a journalist of ability he is a lover and admirer of all manly sports. His portrait appears elsewhere.

HIS TONGUE WAGGED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Annie Blos and Sophia Basse, two shop girls, at St. Louis, Mo., made short work of Louis Animas recently with horsewhips. The man works in the same store with the girls, and circulated stories defamatory to their character. They armed themselves with rawhide and waylaid Animas. The attack was so sudden and the punishment so effective that he turned and ran, the two girls following him to the mouth of an alley, up which he escaped.

AN ARMED DESPERADO.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Young Mrs. David C. Keale is one of the most highly respected ladies of Omaha, Neb. A few days ago the lady was returning home from a shopping tour when she was attacked by a man armed with a knife, who grabbed her around the neck and was about to steal her purse, when the driver of a passing truck heard the lady's screams and jumped from his seat to the rescue of Mrs. Keale. The desperado made good his escape.

A NOVEL ELOPEMENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Harrig and William E. Trudeau, a Miss Proun couple of Louisville, Ky., recently rode on a locomotive and going to Jefferson were married. The affair occurred at about 3 o'clock in the morning. The only cause given for the novel escapade by the two was that they did not want to be married in the usual quiet manner.

FULL LENGTH COTTON TIGHTS AND SHIRTS IN BLACK, dark blue, navy blue, sapphire, royal blue, grey, maroon and green, \$1.75 each. Send all orders to RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

"REFEREE'S" TRITE TALK.

Sullivan has the youth, height, weight, and the bettering abilities, and by combining agility and

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Boxing Gloves: The finest tan and brown of "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMP set of 4, \$4.50. Address: 4, 6 and 8 ounce weight of the Square, New York City. Red and padded wrists. Price, \$5.00. Write to RICHARD E. FOX, Frankford, Pa.

OUR WEEKLY 'RECORD.

through his work at Canarsie. Burns, who is a potter by trade, is getting into shape near his home. The stakes are \$250 a round and a purse of \$250 has been promised. Berman is backed by Greenpoint politician, and it is said that a syndicate of Buffalo-fellow-workers in Trenton are putting up the money for the battle which will take place in about three weeks at a place to be named.

THE SPORTING WORLD UNDER OBLIGATION

The Sun of Sunday, Oct. 26, has the following: The result of the trial of Frank Slavin and Joe McAniff is fraught with an interest to lovers of pugilism all over the world, inasmuch as it is likely to establish a precedent which will be closely followed in Great Britain and its colonies and have great influence in this country. It is likely to decide not only the fate of the Peck and California Clubs, but of the new Puritan Club here. In securing Sir Charles Russell, one of the greatest lawyers in the world, to defend Slavin and McAniff, Lord Londondale and Lord K. Fox have put the sporting world under an obligation that will not be forgotten in a hurry. The trial is set for Oct. 30, and is expected to last several days. Sir Charles Russell's retainer was \$2,000, and he is to receive \$150 besides for each day he appears on behalf of the defendants.

FINEST QUALITY PROFESSIONAL CLODS. \$4.50
 Pair; ordinary quality black, blue or red. \$3.50 per pair;
 jingles, pair set, a set of 4, 1000. 1000 jingles per set
 and 1000 dance shoes, 14 1/2 inches. \$5.50 per pair
 dress all orders to **RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New**
City.



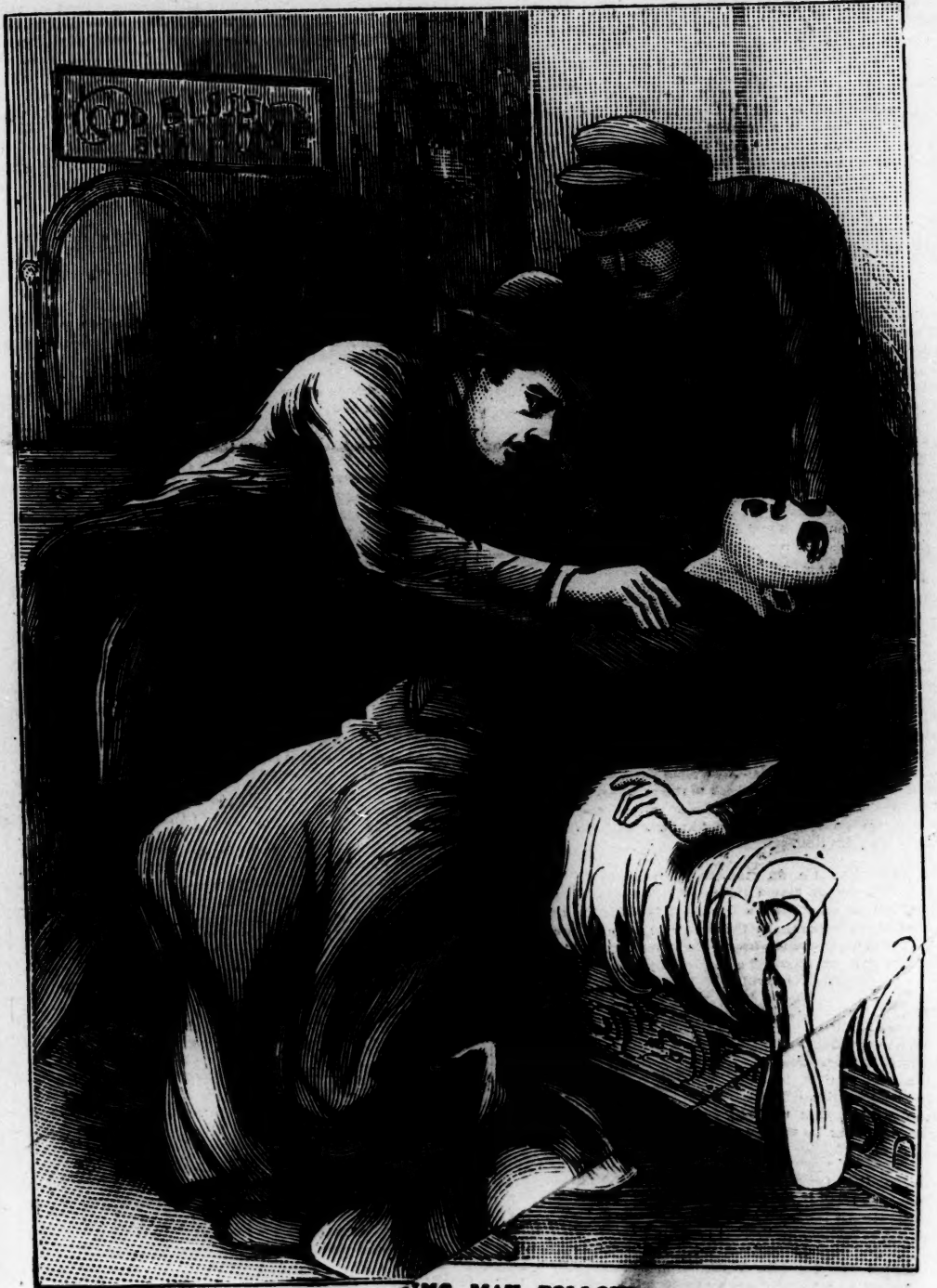
A LADY'S FIGHT FOR HONOR.

MRS. PALMER, OF KANSAS CITY, MO., SEEKS A STRANGER'S PROTECTION IN A PULLMAN CAR.



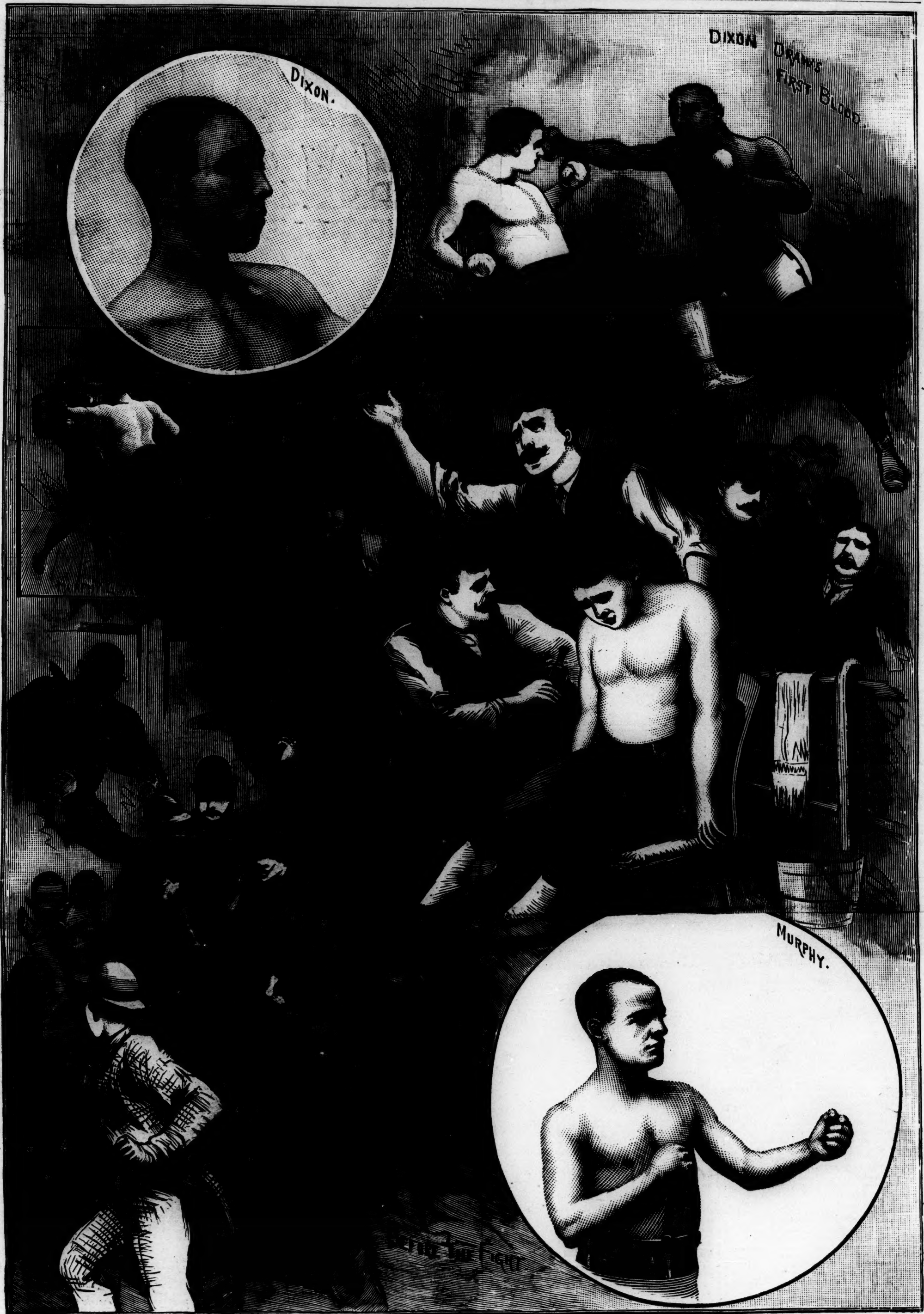
A NOVEL ELOPEMENT.

WILLIAM E. TRUDEAU AND MISS BEATRICE HARRIS, TWO ROMANTIC LOVERS OF LOUISVILLE, KY., SKIP OUT ON A LOCOMOTIVE.



A LADY'S FIGHT MAY FOLLOW.

NORA FARLOW, A FEEBLE AND DELICATE GIRL OF ST. OMER, INDIANA, A FURTHER VICTIM OF THREE YOUNG RUFFIANS.



A FORTY-ROUND BATTLE.

GEORGE DIXON DEFEATS JOHNNY MURPHY IN THE GLADSTONE ATHLETIC CLUB, PROVIDENCE, R. I., AFTER A GAMEY CONTEST.

WE WEREN'T CAUGHT ONCE!

COMPLETE
GYMNASIUM OUTFITS
FURNISHED FROM \$200.00 UPWARDS.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

[There are so many "Constant Readers" that hereafter the Answers to Correspondents must insist that gentlemen desiring information sign their names. A desire for guarantee of good faith suggests this, and our patrons will at once see the advisability of the motive.—Ed.]

D. O. L., Chicago, Ill.—No.
W. J., Goshen, N. Y.—A wins first prize.
T. W. S., Scranton, Pa.—1. No. 2. A loses.
J. T., Elizabeth, N. J.—Five feet 8½ inches.
B. S., Jersey City.—1. Yes. 2. Twenty-five cents.
M. H., Monroe, Wis.—There is no such preparation.
D. C. S., Terre Haute, Ind.—Bob Fitzsimmons by all means.
A SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—Ormonde was supposed to be the best.

JOCKEY, Elizabeth, N. J.—Write to E. H. Garrison, care of this office.
J. A. C., Olean, N. Y.—The storekeeper loses \$7 and a pair of shoes.

SCRIPTO, Omaha, Neb.—A and J having tied, must throw over a coin.
J. B., Hulberton, N. Y.—The Railroad Service Gazette, published in Toledo, Ohio.

J. K., Keyport, N. J.—We have no record of an equestrian accomplishing such a feat.
W. P., Syracuse, N. Y.—Jack Dempsey and George LeBlanche have fought twice. B loses.

F. C. T., Columbus, Neb.—Charley Mitchell and Jake Kilrain fought a draw at Boston, Mass.
J. E. W., Harmon, Ill.—It is pronounced as if spelled Boosy on, with the accent on the first syllable.

CONSTANT READER, Boston, Mass.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought on February 7, 1889.
C. C., Oursay, Cal.—John L. Sullivan and Tug Wilson fought at catch-weights. Neither were weighed.

R. J., Portsmouth, N. H.—George Dixon did not defeat Cal McCarthy. The battle ended in a draw.
J. H. McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Frank P. Slavin stands 5 feet 1½ inches in height. He weighs 185 pounds.

J. McC., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. Johnny Van Heest hails from Ashland, Wis., and claims that title.
SUBSCRIBER, Horton, Kansas.—1. 9½ seconds. 2. Luther Carey, of Princeton College, Princeton, N. J.

M. T., Denver, Col.—Joe McLaughlin, James J. Corbett, John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain were born in America.
SUBSCRIBER, Cleveland, Ohio.—Send \$2.50 to this office when shoes will be sent you. Send your name and address.

J. W. S., Fottavilla, Pa.—John L. Sullivan is not as tall as Frank P. Slavin. Sullivan stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height.
B. A. J., Alliance, Ohio.—The fastest time for 100 yards is 9½ seconds made by Luther Carey at Princeton, N. J., on Oct. 18, 1890.

BARNY, New York City.—1. You cannot build out of your hand. 2. Send to this office for "The Police Gazette Card Player."

ROCKRICK, Elmira, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan was the champion pugilist of the world until he retired. Slavin now holds that title.

D. S., Troy, N. Y.—Stamboul was foaled in 1875 and is owned by Wilson & Handy, of Cynthiana, Ky. He was bred by L. J. Rose, of Los Angeles, Cal.

W. P., Hartford, Conn.—The fastest time on record for running 100 yards is 9½ seconds, made by Luther Carey, of Princeton, N. J., on Oct. 18, 1890.

J. H. L., Kansas City.—1. The book is not issued. 2. Send 25 cents and we will forward agreement. 3. "The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules" explains.

G. H. E., Canisteo, N. Y.—1. A loses. 2. Send for "The Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules" 3. Greco-Roman and catch-as-catch-can rules are 2 points down.

D. G., Franklin, Ill.—1. Joe McLaughlin never fought Jake Kilrain. 2. Certainly A can score two points, but no more. Send for "The Police Gazette Card Player."

W. C. J., Harrisburg, Pa.—John C. Heenan never won a prize fight. He was beaten by John Morrissey, fought a draw with Tom Sayers and was beaten by Tom King.

G. B., Haverstraw, N. Y.—The best eye water for horses is: Sugar of lead, 1 drachm; tincture of opium, 3 drachms; soft water, 1 pint; and wash the eye two or three times a day.

T. W., Bridgeport, Conn.—A could claim two points by D revoking to the ace of diamonds when it was trump. D should have played his left bower on the right bower when A led.

nothing to do with the American single-scutt championship.
W. D. and H. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Duncan C. Ross was giving exhibitions in New Zealand at last advices. A letter addressed to the Sportsman, Melbourne, Australia, will reach him.

S. W., Hurkimer, N. Y.—A, B and G, each having killed ten birds, must shoot off the tie for first and second money. C and D are out of the contest by A, B and G beating them. D is entitled to fourth money.

J. N. W., Providence, R. I.—Robert Watson Boyd, the ex-champion oarsman of England, was born on Sept. 20, 1854. Elias C. Laycock, of Australia, defeated Boyd on the river Tees, England, for £400 on July 5, 1882.

R. W. G., Holyoke, Mass.—Owen, of the Detroit Athletic Club, has a record of 9.4 seconds for 100 yards. H. M. Johnson also has a record of 9.4 seconds for the distance. Luther Carey's 100 yards in 9½ seconds is the best on record.

W. S. and R. B., New York City.—Jem Mace never fought Joe Wornald. He fought a draw with Jack Smith (Jem Mace's Wolf), in 118 rounds, in 4 hours 30 minutes, at London, Eng. At Harley, Eng. Jan. 4, 1883, he forfeited to Jem Mace. In America he fought 1 round with Ned O'Baldwin at Lynnfield, Mass.; the police interfered and he forfeited to O'Baldwin.

R. G., Yonkers, N. Y.—Jem Ward did visit this country in 1868. Ward and Tom Cannon fought for £1,000, on a stage erected on Shank's estate, near Warwick, Eng., July 19, 1826. Ward knocked Cannon out of time in 10 rounds fought in 10 minutes. Ward's finishing blow knocked Cannon senseless, and nearly ended his life. He lay senseless for 1 hour and had to be bled before he recovered.

CELTUS, Washington, D. C.—Frank P. Slavin is the champion pugilist of the world. Joe McLaughlin is the heavy weight champion pugilist of America. Jack Dempsey is the middle-weight champion pugilist of America. Jack McLaughlin is the light-weight champion pugilist of America, and Cal McCarthy is the feather-weight champion pugilist of America. Billy Murphy, of New Zealand, is the feather-weight champion pugilist of the world.

F. J., Bangor, Me.—Henry Ernest Searle held the "Police Gazette" championship challenge cup when he died. The cup reverted to O'Connor who defeated Teemer for the trophy, also Jake Gandaur. Stansbury and O'Connor did not row for the single-scutt championship of the world, Peter Kemp being the champion when they arranged a match. O'Connor and Kemp are to row for \$500 a side, the "Police Gazette" championship challenge cup in March, 1891, on the Pacific Slope.

PUCKALIA.—The "Police Gazette" heavy-weight championship belt is held by Frank P. Slavin, of Maitland, Australia. The middle-weight belt offered for competition by the proprietor of this paper, is held by Jack Dempsey, and it is his own personal property. The "Police Gazette" light-weight championship belt is held by Jack McLaughlin. The "Police Gazette" feather-weight championship belt is held by Billy Murphy, of New Zealand, Australia. The Police Gazette never offered a belt for bantam-weights. There are only four classes of champions—heavy, middle, light and feather-weights.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN.



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SICK HEADACHE, WEAK STOMACH, CONSTIPATION, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER AND ALL KINDRED DISEASES,

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, strengthening the muscular System, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosobud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each box.

PREPARED ONLY BY THOS. BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them, WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX. But inquire first. Mention the POLICE GAZETTE.

T. J., Pittsburg, Pa.—Billy Murphy, of New Zealand holds the "Police Gazette" belt subject to the conditions governing the trophy. The "Police Gazette" feather-weight belt was won twice by Jack Havlin, of Boston; once by Tommy Warren, who defeated Havlin. Frank Murphy, of England, and Tommy Warren then fought a draw for the trophy. Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, challenged Warren to contend for the trophy and posted a forfeit of \$250. Warren did not accept the challenge and Weir won the belt by default. Billy Murphy and Ike Weir then fought for the champion belt, and the Australian won.

BILLY TELLER FINISHES BILLY HARDY.

A rattling mill was decided on Oct. 14 near Indianapolis, Ind., between Billy Hardy, of Terre Haute, "the colored champion" of Indiana, and Billy Teller, of Indianapolis. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse and the light-weight championship of Indiana. R. J. Jones, of Indianapolis, managed the arrangements. He was assisted by J. W. Johnson, who seconded Teller, and Bob Smith, who seconded Hardy. The latter is a burly young negro about 24 years of age, who has fought—or "fist," as he expressed it—23 fights, and never lost but one, and that to Johnson, when both were fighting in the light-weight class. Both, however, now belong to heavier classes. Johnson is a heavy-weight, and Hardy belongs to the middle-weights, although the latter fought at 145 Tuesday night. Teller has had half a dozen good fights, and has been handled by such men as Mike Galney, J. W. Johnson, Sam Carter, Jack Hanley and Ed Cressy. Hardy also received instruction from Hanley and Cressy. Teller is about 5 feet 9 inches tall, while Hardy is full 5 feet 10 inches and much larger.

The arrival of the police at Kiesel's created great consternation and drove the fighters to some more remote spot. It was given out to all the sports that the men would fight with bare knuckles for \$100 if the crowd would raise that amount, which announcement created much excitement. The amount was quickly promised, and the managers of the mill quickly prepared to go to Golden Hill, where they would be reasonably secure from police interference. By skillful maneuvering the police were given the slip and eleven carriages rolled rapidly north. When the mill was reached no appropriate spot could be found, the party drove a couple of miles further north to one within a bridge. There the fight proceeded, after a purse of \$100 was raised with much difficulty. From the first of the fight Hardy wasn't in it, and lost his State championship ingloriously. The rounds, which were 3 minutes' fight and 1 minute rest, were as follows:

ROUND 1—After sparring a few seconds Hardy sought Teller's ribs with a good right-hander and escaped a terrible left-hander from the latter, who couldn't reach his big opponent. The round ended without further incident.

ROUND 2—Both men sparred cautiously, but toward the latter part Hardy forced close quarters. He made a back-handed pass at Teller, who returned it with several good body blows. The round closed with light work by both men.

ROUND 3—Teller began reaching for Hardy's ribs to wind him, but the latter protected himself well. The only thing of incident was a right-hander of Teller's, which found his opponent's neck.

ROUND 4—Both men confined themselves to body blows, from the effect of which Hardy suffered most.

ROUND 5—Hardy landed his right on Teller's stomach, which staggered the latter, but when he recovered he forced Hardy to the ropes and to his knees. The round closed with some good work by Teller.

ROUND 6—Teller followed his adversary all around the ring, his blows having a telling effect on Hardy's wind.

ROUND 7—This round resulted in a knock down for Teller, but Hardy's seconds claimed that his knee was injured in the fall and asked for a minute's time. This was given, but it was plain to see that injury or no injury, Hardy had enough, and he refused to continue the fight, much to the disgust of his backers.

The men fought with gloves borrowed from a couple of hack drivers, and Mike Shanahan acted as referee, after Joe Pupiano refused to serve. Teller, who had but little training, showed up well. He says he is ready to meet any and all light-weights for any sum not exceeding \$500.

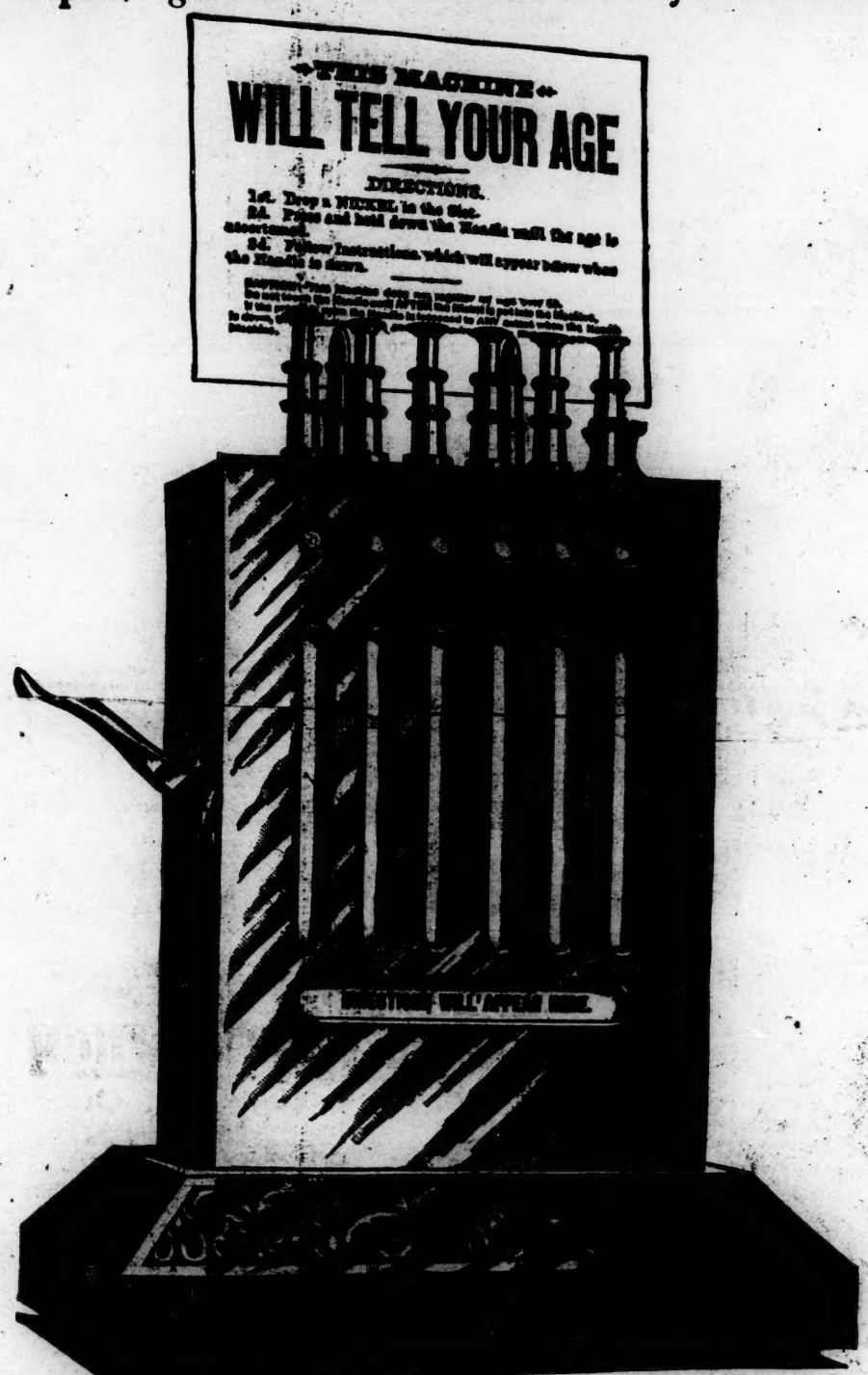
BILLY DACEY AND JOE WILLIAMS TO MEET.

A match was arranged at this office during the week between Billy Dacey, of New York, and Joe Williams, of Baltimore, Md. The Baltimore pugilist recently issued a challenge to box Dacey according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$250 a side. Dacey accepted the challenge and agreed to meet Williams on Oct. 21. Both pugilists were on hand, but Williams' backer did not appear. They agreed to meet on Oct. 22. On the latter date the men and their backers met and signed articles to box at 125 pounds, weigh 12 hours before meeting, for \$250 a side. The contest is to be decided within 100 miles of New York on November 10.

ATHLETIC SHOOTING AND OTHER CLUBS WOULD DO well to send for my descriptive circular of medals and trophies before purchasing elsewhere. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Bar-keepers, Cigar Dealers---This Machine Will Pay Your Gas Bills.



Handsomely nickel plated. Ornament to bar or counter. Most profitable investment for every bar, cigar stand and drug store. Will pay for itself in from 20 to 30 days; subsequent earnings all profit. The machine will last years. Machines sent by express, charges paid, on receipt of price, \$35; or, on receipt of \$5 will be sent C. O. D. for balance. Address THE HOWLAND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 216 Church Street, New York, refers by permission to the Union News Company, New York.

Two Topics says of this machine: "The latest thing in nickel slot machines has just made its appearance in the Hoffman Cafe and other fashionable barrooms, and, judging from the curious crowds that surround the device is a marvelously clever combination of arithmetic and mechanics, and for a nickel guesses your age never makes an error, though it is hinted that if the curious seeker for information be a spinster it never records above nineteen. In any event, as an example of the inventive genius of the age, the 'age indicator' is a daisy."

The New York Times says: "The latest 'drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine' to make its public appearance is a device calculated to make the unenlightened observer believe that the evil one is behind it all. It is a neat little nickel-plated instrument, and will tell any man's age—and any woman's, too—with an invariable accuracy that is startling."

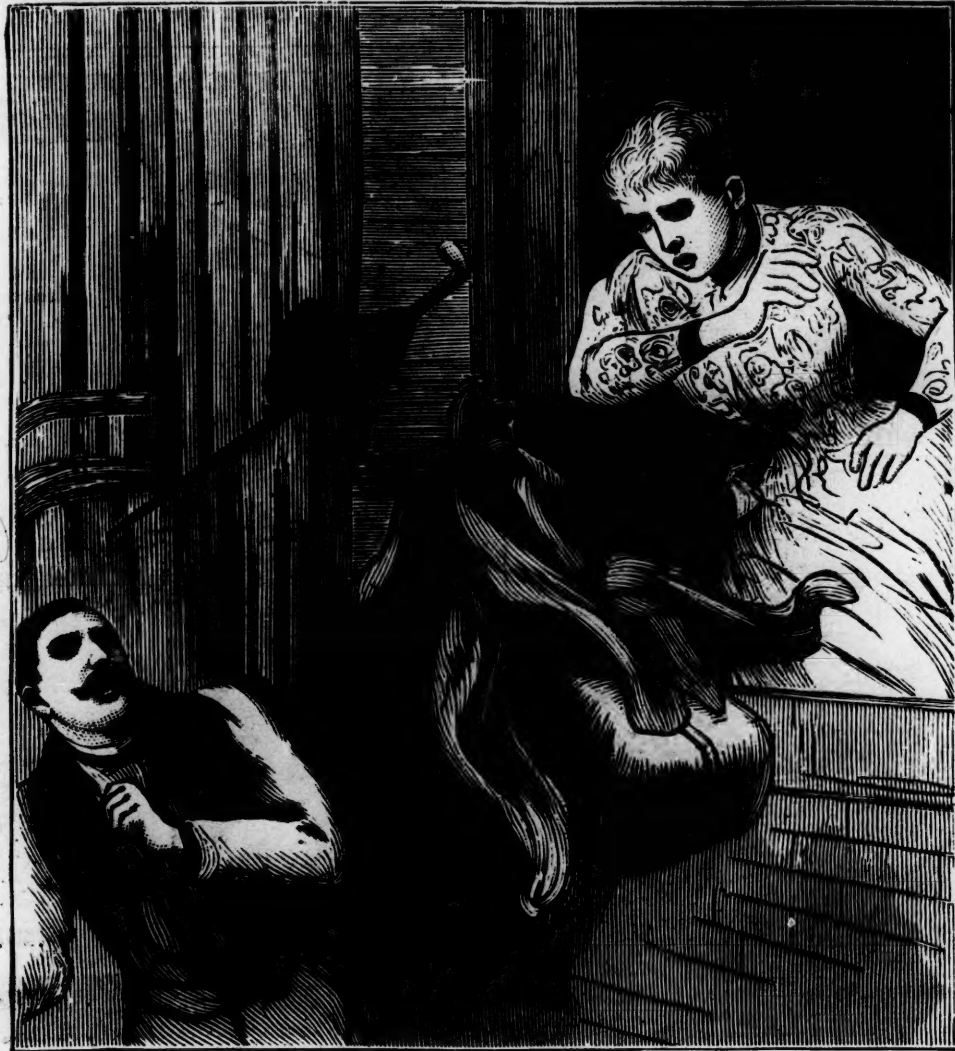
The above machine is one of the best money-makers on the market to-day, and is recommended as such by the Hoffman House, Motion House, Union Square Hotel and others in this city. Parties desiring to purchase these machines can also order direct from THE RICHARD K. FOX PURCHASING AND SUPPLY DEPARTMENT, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

FOR other advertisements see pages 14 and 15. Mention **POLICE GAZETTE** when you write.



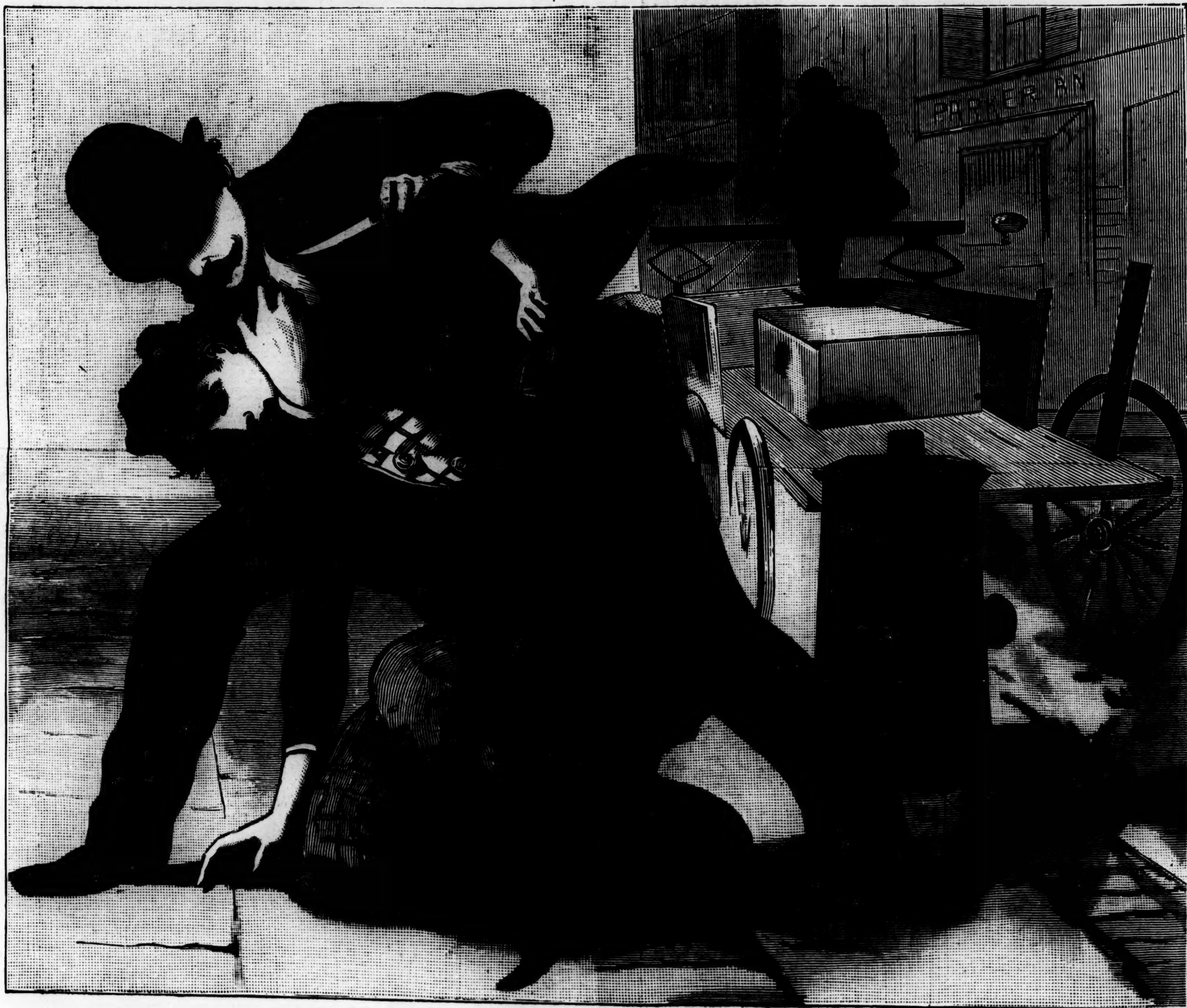
COLD LEAD FOR COLD LOVE.

EUGENE E. MEASE, OF BUTLER, ILL., SHOT, IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS BRIDE, BY MISS TYLER WHOM HE HAD JILTED.



TOO MUCH FREE LOVE.

A FALL RIVER, MASS., MAN OF THAT ILK UN CEREMONIOUSLY FIRED, WITH HIS TOGS, FROM HOME BY HIS WIFE.



AN ARMED DESPERADO.

THE THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF MRS. DAVID C. KEALE, OF OMAHA, NEB., AT THE HANDS OF A RUFFIAN.



O'CONNOR'S ARRIVAL.

THE CHAMPION OARSMAN DROPS INTO TOWN FROM THE ANTIPODES PRIOR TO HIS CONTEST WITH PETER KEMP IF FINALLY PROMULGATED.



GAY AND GIDDY GAMBLERS.

THE GIRLS OF LEXINGTON, MO., TOY WITH THE PASTEBOARDS UNTIL JUDGE RYLAND IS COMPELLED TO ISSUE A RESTRICTIVE PRONUNCIAMENTO.

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